

SERIAL STORY

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of
"The Man on the Box,"
"Hearts and Masks," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Harscheit, tells how visiting Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. While riding horseback in the country night overtakes him and she seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds Princess Hildegarde and a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of felling the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Harscheit. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfstein shows Warrington a letter with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believed it to be a picture of his mother. The grand duke announces to the princess that she is to marry Doppelkinn the following week. During a morning ride she plans to escape. She meets Scharfstein. He finds a purse she has dropped but does not discover her identity. Warrington enters at a public restaurant for a number of American medical students. Max arrives late and relates an interesting bit of gossip to the effect that the princess has run away from Harscheit. He unwittingly offends a native officer and subjects himself to certain arrest. Max is persuaded to take one of the American student's passports and escape. The grand duke discovers the escape of the princess. She leaves a note saying she has eloped. Efforts are made to stop the princess at the frontier. Betty Moore asks for her passport. She asks Warrington for assistance. He is helping Harscheit, and invites him to call on her in London. Max finds the princess in the railway carriage. She accuses him of following her. He returns to her the purse he had found. It contained a thousand pounds in bank notes.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Trust me to keep silent, then," he continued. "I have lived a part of my life on the great plains; have ridden horses for days and days at a time. As a deputy sheriff I have arrested desperadoes, have shot and been shot at. Then I went east and entered a great college; went in for athletics, and wore my first dress suit. Then my foster parent died, leaving me his fortune. And as I am afraid, possibly because of my German origin, I have more money than I know what to do with." He ceased.

"Go on," she urged.

"When the Spanish war broke out I entered a cavalry regiment as a trooper. I won rank, but surrendered it after the battle of Santiago. And now there are but two things in the world I desire to complete my happiness. I want to know who I am."

"And the other thing?"

"The other thing? I can't tell you that!"—hurriedly.

"Ah, I believe I know. You have left some sweetheart back in America." All her interest in his narrative took a strange and unaccountable slump.

"No; I have often admired women; but I have left no sweetheart back in America. If I had I should now feel very uncomfortable."

Somehow she couldn't meet his eyes. She recognized, with vague anger, that she was glad that he had no sweetheart. Ah, well, nobody could rob her of her right to dream, and this was a very pleasant dream.

"The train is slowing down," he said suddenly.

"We are approaching the frontier," she shaded her eyes and searched the speeding blackness outside.

"How far is it to the capital?" he asked.

"It lies two miles beyond the frontier."

Silence fell upon them, and at length the train stopped with a jerk. In what seemed to them an incredibly short time a guard unlocked the door. He peered in.

"Here they are, sure enough, your excellency!" addressing some one in the dark beyond.

An officer from the military household of the Prince of Doppelkinn was instantly framed in the doorway. The girl tried to lower her veil; too late.

"I am sorry to annoy your highness," he began, "but the grand duke's orders are that you shall follow me to the castle. Lieutenant, bring two men to this fellow's bands,"—nodding toward Scharfstein.

Max stared dumbly at the girl. All the world seemed to have slipped from under his feet.

"Forgive me!" she said, low but impulsively.

"What does it mean?" His heart was very heavy.

"I am the Princess Hildegarde of Harscheit, and your entering this carriage has proved the greatest possible misfortune to you."

He stared helplessly. And everything had been going along so nicely—the dinner he had planned in Dresden, and all that!

"And they believe," the girl went on, "that I have eloped with you to avoid marrying the prince." She turned to the officer in the doorway. "Colonel, on the word of a princess, this gentle-

man is in no wise concerned. I ran away alone."

Max breathed easier.

"I should be most happy to believe your highness, but you will honor my strict observance of orders," he passed a telegram to her.

"Search train for Doppelkinn. Princess has eloped. Arrest and hold pair till I arrive on special engine."

HARSCHKEIT.

The telegram is the true arm of the police. The princess sighed pathetically. It was all over.

"Your passports," said the colonel to Max.

Max surrendered his papers. "You need not tie my hands," he said calmly. "I will come peacefully."

The colonel looked inquiringly at the princess.

"He will do as he says."

"Very good. I should regret to shoot him upon so short an acquaintance." The colonel beckoned for them to step forth. "Everything is prepared. There is a carriage for the convenience of your highness; Herr Ellis shall ride horseback with the troop."

Max often wondered why he did not make a dash for it, or a running fight. What he had gone through that night was worth a good fight.

"Good-by," said the princess, holding out her hand.

Scharfstein gravely bent his head and kissed it.

"Good-by, Prince Charming!" she whispered, so softly that Max scarcely heard her.

Then she entered the closed carriage and was driven up the dark, tree-en-shrouded road that led to the Castle of Doppelkinn.

"What are you going to do with me?" Max asked, as he gathered up the reins of his mount.

"That we shall discuss later. Like as not something very unpleasant. For one thing, you are passing under a forged passport. You are not an American, no matter how well you may

ber. How time waits upon custom! In olden times they created pain; now they strive to subdue it."

I might as into a detailed history of the Doppelkinn, only it would be absurd and unnecessary, since it would be inappreciable under the name of Doppelkinn, which happens to be, as doubtless you have already surmised, a name of mine own invention. I could likewise tell you how the ancient dukes of Harscheit fought off the insidious flattery of Napoleon, only it is a far interest, and Harscheit is simply a characteristic, not a name. Some day I may again seek a diplomatic mission, and what government would have for its representative a teller of tales out of school?

It was, then, to continue the fortunes and misfortunes of Max Scharfstein, close to midnight when the cavalcade crossed the old stone-bridge, which hadn't moved on its hinges within a hundred years. They were not entering by the formal way, which was a flower-bedded, terraced road. It was the rear entrance. The iron doors swung outward with a plaintive moaning, like that of a man roused out of his sleep, and Max found himself in an ancient guard-room, now used as a kind of secondary stable. The men dismounted.

"This way, Herr Ellis," said the colonel, with a mocking bow. He pointed toward a broad stone staircase.

"All I ask," said Max, "is a fair chance to explain my presence here."

"All in due time. Forward! The prince is waiting and his temper may not be as smooth as usual."

With two troopers in front of him and two behind, Max climbed the steps readily enough. They wouldn't dare kill him, whatever they did. He tried to imagine himself the hero of some Scott or Dumas tale, with a grim cardinal somewhere above, and oubliettes and torture chambers besetting his path. But the absurdity of his imagination, so thoroughly Americanized



"Good-by, Prince Charming!"

speak that language. You are a German."

"There are Germans in the United States, born and bred there, who speak German tolerably well," replied Max easily. He was wondering if it would not be a good scheme to tell a straightforward story and ask to be returned to Harscheit. But that would probably appeal to the officer that he was a coward and was trying to lay the blame on the princess.

"I do not say that I can prove it," went on the colonel; "I simply affirm that you are a German, even to the marrow."

"You have the advantage of the discussion," No; he would confess nothing. If he did he might never see the princess again. . . . The princess! As far away as yonder stars! It was truly a very disappointing world to live in.

"Now, then, forward!" cried the colonel to his men, and they set off at a sharp trot.

From time to time, as a sudden twist in the road broke the straight line, Max could see the careening lights of the princess' carriage. A princess! And he was a man without a country or a name!

CHAPTER X.

The castle of the Prince of Doppelkinn rested in the very heart of the celebrated vineyards. Like all German castles I ever saw or heard of, it was a relic of the Middle Ages, with many a crumbling, useless tower and battlement. It stood on the south side of a rugged hill which was gashed by a narrow but turbulent stream, in which lurked the rainbow trout that lured the lazy man from his labors aloft. (And who among us shall cast a stone at the lazy man? Not I!) If you are fortunate enough to run about Europe next year, as like as not you will be mailing home the "Doppelkinn" post-card.

More than once I have wandered about the castle's interior, cavernous and musty, strolled through its galleries of ancient armor, searched its dungeon-keep, or loitered to soliloquize in the gloomy judgment cham-

ber. How time waits upon custom! In olden times they created pain; now they strive to subdue it. He might laugh later, but it was scarcely probable. A tramp through a dark corridor and they came to the west wing of the castle. It was here that the old prince lived, comfortably and luxuriously enough, you may take my word for it.

A door opened, flooding the corridor with light. Max felt himself gently pushed over the threshold. He stood in the great living-room of the modern Doppelkinn. The first person he saw was the princess. She sat on an oriental divan. Her hands were folded; she sat very erect; her chin was tilted ominously; there was so little expression on her pale face that she might have been an incomplete statue. But Max was almost certain that there was just the faintest flicker of a smile in her eyes as she saw him enter. Glorious eyes! (It is a bad sign when a man begins to use the superlative adjectives!)

The other occupant of the room was an old man, fat and bald, with a nose like a russet pear. He was stalking—if it is possible for a short man to stalk—up and down the length of the room, and, judging from the sonorous, rumbling sound, was commencing half-aloud. Between whiles he was rubbing his tender nose, carefully and lovingly. When a man's nose resembles a russet pear it generally is tender. Whoever he was, Max saw that he was vastly agitated about something.

This old gentleman was (or supposed he was) the last of his line, the Prince of Doppelkinn, famous for his wines and his love of them. There was, so his subjects said, but one tender spot in the heart of this old man, and that was the memory of the wife of his youth. (How the years, the good and bad, crowd behind us, pressing us on and on!) However, there was always surcease in the cellars—that is, the Doppelkinn cellars.

"Ha!" he roared as he saw the blinking Max. "So this is the fellow!" He made an eloquent gesture. "Your highness must be complimented upon your good taste. The fellow isn't bad-looking."

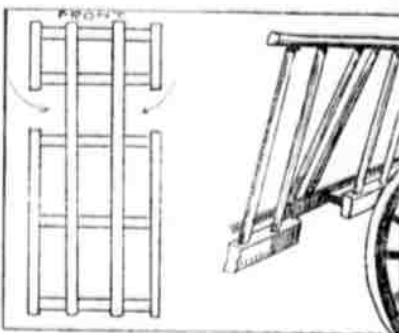
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARM GARDEN

"CUT-UNDER" HAY RACK.

Easy to Make If One Is Handy with Tools.

A "cut-under" hay rack: Hay racks are easy to make if one is handy with tools. The cut shows a diagram of the bottom framing, with the outside sills severed to give the front wheels a chance to "cut-under." The two



Explanatory Diagram.

inner sills, says Farm Journal, are a trifle heavier than the outer ones. The cross strips should be of hard wood. The second cut shows how the side uprights are put in around the open space. The two uprights have their ends in the inner sill, and their tops in the top rail as the others have.

PROPER LOCATION OF DRAINS.

Before Beginning Work Make Accurate Map of Area to Be Drained.

John T. Stewart, in an address to Minnesota farmers, said:

The basis for all drainage improvements is an accurate map of the area to be drained. Such a map, known as a topographic map, should show all local improvements, the boundaries of lands to be benefited by the drainage and the boundary of the watershed. It should also show the elevation above a fixed point of all sloughs, low lands and the tops of ridges through which it might be necessary to construct the outlet channel, and wherever practicable and funds are available five-foot contours should be sketched of the field.

With such a map the engineer can determine the best outlet and route for the proposed channel. On this map the location for the proposed drains can be laid out, their grade, size and approximate cost determined, after which the ditch may be staked out on the ground, making such minor changes as are found necessary by closer study of the route. Where a detailed survey has been made and the notes plotted it is economy to establish a few permanent marks, from which the survey could be continued, or another engineer at some future time could take up the work where it has been left off without having to duplicate that which has already been done. Land owners should select points for these marks where there is little danger of their being molested and then see to it that they are preserved.

Farmers as a rule do not realize the advantages in preserving survey monuments. This fact alone has been the cause of a waste of much money by the duplication of work. Surveys for drainage often costing several hundreds of dollars, have frequently been made, and where the construction work was not carried out the notes and plats were never filed and no permanent mark left. When the work is taken up a few years later, it is necessary to duplicate the survey. A few additional dollars spent in making permanent marks and in preparing the records for filing would have preserved the entire work for future use.

In many cases an engineer is employed to stake out a drain on a route which is supposed to be the best one, no examination is made for another route or outlet, the area of the watershed is not looked up. As a result the size of the ditch is merely a guess. Time may develop the fact that the best route was not selected, and the ditch is either too large or too small, and consequently does not perform its work satisfactorily. A ditch being improperly located either does not drain all the land it should, or is expensive to construct or maintain.

Select Seed Corn Early.

I find it advisable to select my seed corn about the middle of October, writes a Whiteside county (Illinois) farmer in Farmers' Review. The general practice here is to select the seed corn when it is being husked. Not more than ten per cent. of the farmers select their seed in the field. Nearly all the farmers, however, keep their corn unshelled. Farmers here have corn shellers, which they use in shelling their seed corn, and most shell off the tips and butts to prevent these seeds from going into the seed corn, and I believe this is a good practice. I hang my seed in a well-ventilated room until it is thoroughly dry, and then I take it upstairs in the house and hang it in a room that always has a fire under it and the stove pipe running through it. I recommend this as a good practice to be followed.

Keep Wagon Jack Handy.

You will grease the wagon often if you have a wagon jack handy. The load will pull lighter and the horses will say "thank you" now and then.

CARE AND USE OF STRAW.

How the Farmer Can Make It Count for the Most.

In the care and use of straw the first requisite is to begin caring for the straw at the proper time, which is when the grain is mature enough to insure its becoming thoroughly dry in shock, stack or barn before being threshed. Having cut and shocked the grain at the proper season, the next requisite is to house or stack carefully, housing being preferable to stacking, of course, for both grain and straw. Permit the observation in this connection that either straw or hay stacked out will soon be a thing of the past. After having permitted grain to remain in barn a sufficient length of time to insure a right condition for threshing, secure the services of a thrasher whose work it will be to store away straw in shed and grain in granary, or otherwise, if so directed. The straw is now, in shed, well cared and in good condition for feed, bedding or for market if desirable; but we would confine its uses to the farm, as the farm from which the straw is marketed becomes, in the course of time, sterile.

Shortly after threshing is done the season is at hand when the stock which has been roaming over the green pastures all summer will enjoy having shelter over them at night and a nice clean dry bed whereupon they may lie. Now the straw which has been so nicely cared for in the shed will not only furnish the above comforts for the stock, but will afford variety in the way of food for change from the more nutritious kinds of feed which are, of course, indispensable. After winter has set in and the weather has become severe it will be come necessary to have shelter for the stock and feed within their reach all the time. The shed with the straw therein will supply both of the above and will also keep droppings and bedding in condition to be spread upon the fields as fertilizer, thus repaying the farmer for caring for his straw and stock.

The shed and stables in which the straw bedding has been used may be cleaned out at the farmer's leisure when weather is reasonably fair. It should be done, however, only when necessary for proper care and cleanliness of stock, as by permitting the fertilizer to remain in shed rots it and makes it all the richer when it is not exposed to washing rains and snows. Many more uses for straw on the farm might be given, but this article is sufficient to convince all that straw pays for its care.

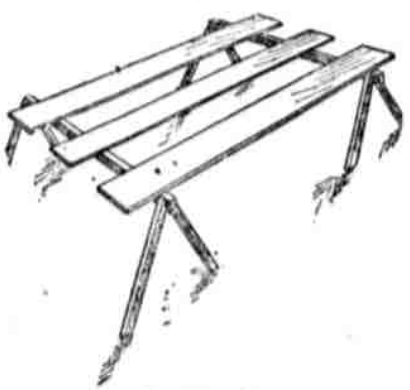
AXLE GREASE.

It Does Not Pay to Use Any But the Best.

The usefulness and durability of a wagon or dray depends greatly upon the proper care of the wheels and axles. The prevailing idea among both farmers and draymen is that grease is grease anywhere and it doesn't matter much what kind or how it is applied, just so it is applied. Many wagon owners cut the boxings out of their wagon wheels by some inferior lubricant. Many of these run and leave the spindle dry or form a stiff, gritty substance in the wheel which is very bad. The right axle grease should have proper body; should not be so thin as to run nor so thick as to cake. There are plenty of reliable axle greases on the market and there are plenty which are not reliable. Get a good, expensive kind and stick to it. It pays every time.

RACK FOR HUSKING SHOCK CORN
Makes the Task Much Easier and One Can Work Faster.

Place boards 12 or 14 feet long on two common carpenter's horses to



A Husking Rack.

make the device shown in the accompanying illustration for husking shock corn.

HELPFUL FARM HINTS.

Hay and harvesting are at hand, but the machinery does most of the work.

It is better to sacrifice a few bushels of grain than to cut down a fine row of trees.

The latest use of cement is in the construction of tile, which proves to be more durable than clay and nearly as cheap.

When your soil is infested with sorrel you may know that it is acid and needs lime. Sorrel will not grow except on acid soil.

Courage and perseverance are valuable assets for the farmer. There are many discouraging things in farming, but the good men are the ones that never say die.

Honest Poultry Dealers.

When you hear of a dishonest breeder of fine poultry, don't think that all of them are alike. The average poultryman regards his business in a different light from that of mere "graft," or money-making.

Birthdays and weddings are happening all the time. You can always find seasonable, suitable gifts in our store, always the best in quality and always reasonable in price.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

VALUE OF RAW APPLES.

Ideal Food for Those Who Would Live Long and Be Vigorous.

Many persons fancy that raw apples are indigestible, and only endurable in the early morning. Doubtless the old adage, that fruit is gold in the morning, silver in the middle of the day, and lead at night, is to some extent answerable for this (to my way of thinking) erroneous impression.

Dieticians tell us that ripe, raw apples contain more phosphates in proportion to their bulk than any other article of food, fish not excepted. A recent writer on this point boldly declares that in this lies the secret of healthful longevity. They correct biliousness and act as a sedative upon the racked nerves and allay insomnia. "Eat uncooked apples constantly, although, of course, in moderation, and drink distilled water only, and years will be added to your life, while the evidences of age will be long in coming."

This argument is based on the supposition that, as age advances, the deposits of mineral matter in the system increase, and that aging is little more than a gradual process of ossification. Phosphoric acid contains the least amount of earth salts, and, for that reason, is probably the nearest approach to the elixir of life known to the scientific world.

If you want to live long, to retain your youth at the same time and to increase your brain tissue, eat plenty of apples, drink only distilled water and eat as little bread as possible. Tart apples are far more wholesome than sweet, and all, like potatoes, should be fully ripe when eaten.

Get a Patent.

Your invention may be valuable and should be patented. Send for free information and advice to H. J. ROBINSON, Patent Attorney, P. O. Box 544, Salt Lake City.

FORMS OF SPORT IN BURMAH.

Popularity of Bull Racing—Pugilists Strike with Their Eyes Shut.

A form of speculation not generally known in England but very popular in Burmah is bull racing. A certain native sportsman is the owner of one of these bulls, for which he has refused an offer of 10,000 rupees. It has won several races and is looked after and as carefully tended as a Derby favorite. The owner values it at 25,000 rupees, and it is said it brings him in an annual income of from 12,000 to 15,000 rupees. It is carefully guarded by four men lest it may be got at and "doctored."

Burmans also patronize boxing eagerly, but the art can scarcely be practiced according to Queensberry rules, for we are told by a provincial reporter that he has observed that "even the best boxers strike out with their eyes tightly shut, and if they do hit each other it is more by chance than anything else."—Calcutta Statesman.

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Naturalization Requisite.
A residence of at least five years is required to qualify an alien for naturalization. No matter how long a man may have been in the United States, two years must elapse between the date of his declaration of intention and his admittance to full citizenship.

Signs of Royalty in New York.

"The lion and the unicorn on the gable of the old state house in Boston are not the only visible reminders of British rule in an American city," said a lawyer whose office is near Fulton street. "St. Paul's church is a most restful place on a hot day, and during the lunch hour not many days ago I strolled in there. After picking my way through the crowd of stenographers under the shade of the big trees I entered the old church to take a much needed rest and found myself confronted with the feathers and motto of the prince of Wales surmounting the pulpit. Some local historians afterward told me that this is the only sign of royalty which the liberty boys left in New York city when they carried on their crusade against the royal insignia which ended with the destruction of the statue of George III. in Bowling Green."—New York Sun.

Same Here.

One of the behests given the Japanese bride is "Do not talk too much." The constant stress laid on this advice is a sure sign that it isn't being heeded.

A Soporific.

Miss Gusher (who has just been introduced to the great author)—Oh, Mr. Lyon, I am so enchanted with your dear, delightful novels, I fall asleep with one in my hand, every night.—Sunday Magazine.

Content to Be Little.

Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks. It is to pride and self-will which says: "Give me something huge to fight, and I should enjoy that; but why make me sweep the dust?"—Charles Kingsley.